

## **Hello Butches by henclair**

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**Summary:**

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## Hello Butches

“It’s you.” El hissed out at Max. Max just raised one eyebrow at the girl, ignoring her and taking another drag from her cigarette. She was leaning against the back wall of the school, her skateboard propped next to her on the bricks.

“Yeah, me.” Max said blowing the smoke out of her mouth at Eleven, who coughed slightly. “What do you want Mike’s girl?” She asked, watching the other girl’s brows furrow.

“Stay away from him.” She said and Max laughed, stubbing out her cigarette.

“Oh trust me, I’m the last thing he wants, and he’s the last thing my butch ass wants.” She said, flicking the stubbed out cigarette in Eleven’s direction. Eleven just stood there, still glaring in concentration at Max. The redhead wondered if she was gonna do some of that magic shit she always did when the two saw each other and argued.

“Max, stay away.” Eleven hissed out again and Max just shook her head. The girl didn’t get it.

After a few moments of tense silence Max rolled her eyes and pushed her skateboard down from the wall.

“Ok you know what. I don’t care.” She said, getting on her skateboard and attempting to kick off and go, but it seemed her wheel’s were stuck to the ground. When she looked up from examining her wheels she noticed the other girl’s bloody nose.

“Real funny, you want me to stay away but you won’t let me leave.” Max spat, trying once more to go and get out of here before it escalated. But Eleven wouldn’t let her leave.

“Fuck you.” Eleven said and Max threw her hands up.

“What the fuck am I doing weirdo?” She asked, feeling anger rise in her chest. “I just wanna get the hell out of here!” Eleven frowned at

her and wiped the blood off.

“Then leave.” She said, flicking her head making Max and her skateboard fly away from the wall and straight towards the chain link fence. Max freaked, attempting in vain to stop her skateboard from hurtling her towards the metal fence, but Eleven’s mind death grip kept it moving until at the last moment it swerved through the opening.

Max fell off her skateboard at the sharp turn and swore loudly at the feeling of the scrapes now covering the left side of her body. When she got up, she whipped around and screamed.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” She screamed at the curly haired girl still standing by the wall. “What the hell is fucking wrong with you?” Eleven turned around, only to glare at Max again.

“I don’t like you.” The girl said simply and calmly, as if she hadn’t just thrown Max into the fucking ground with her mind.

“Wow!” Max exclaimed, making a mind blowing gesture with her hands. “I would’ve never fucking known!” She stomped over to the girl, leaving her now banged up skateboard by the fence.

“Stay away.” The girl said quietly, now that Max was up close. “Don’t talk to me or them.”

“Now you want to keep me from my only friends? No. Fuck you Eleven.” Max said, pushing El back towards the wall. Eleven loudly gasped as she hit the bricks, and her eyes narrowed.

Eleven licked her lips as more blood began to pour from her nose. Max tensed, waiting for something to hit her or to go flying away. She had turned her head ever so slightly to check for danger when Eleven punched her. Hard.

Max recoiled from the sting and gasped, but this was not her first rodeo. As she turned her head back around she brought her fist with her and as hard as she could hit the other girl in the face. El growled at the pain and Max used the girls momentary distraction to grab the collar of her flannel and push her up against the brick wall.

To any outsider this would look like any normal school fight, and it would look like the odds were in Max's favor. Which they were now but Max was on her toes as she shoved the shorter girl, knowing that this was someone capable of fighting like some fucking superhero or something.

El pushed her knee into Max's stomach, and Max recoiled, feeling the ever familiar adrenaline rush of a fight run through her veins. Max was still holding on to the other girls shirt so she rubbed the girl into the wall with all her strength, hoping to at least do some damage.

Eleven yelled and an unseen force ripped Max off of her and to the ground, which the girl hit with a thud. Max winced, but got up and licked her chapped lips, running towards the other girl. She aimed for the girl's shin and kicked hard, a sickening crack emitting as her foot collided with the skinny leg she was aiming for.

It was obvious the so called "mage" had never been in a real schoolyard fight and Max felt bad but she was going to take advantage of that all she could. Eleven pushed Max this time, and Max stumbled a bit backwards, but nonetheless unfazed as she aimed her fist for the girl's face and swung.

She felt her knuckles connect with something and she grinned smugly at the noise of pain the other girl let out. Max drew her hand back again, the knuckles raw from the few hits she had gotten in. As she tried to swing forward again, her hand was stopped by the other girl again.

Max looked at Eleven, blood on her face and dripping down from her nose as she concentrated and kicked, surprising the girl who was concentrating on keeping Max's hand at bay. Max's hand suddenly surged forward as El lost her concentration, surprising both the girls and causing Max to tumble into the other girl as her fist swung forward and collided with Eleven's cheek.

El was quite light compared to Max, so as Max stumbled into her she collapsed and they both fell to the ground. El's back hit the ground and knocked the wind out of her as she writhed in pain slightly. Max quickly braced herself, her slightly banged up hands getting scraped as she caught herself before she fell into the girl below her.

Max looked down at Eleven, whose pupils were blown wide. There was still some leftover blood trailing down from her nose onto her lips. Max watched in odd fascination as Eleven licked the blood off of her lips.

Suddenly, the girl beneath her surged forward and Max backed away, expecting a punch or a kick or something else but instead getting the press of chapped and bloody lips to her own.

Max's hands slipped slightly as she felt her heart beat faster than it had in a long time due to the still lips pressing against her own. Eleven opened her mouth ever so slightly and Max acted impulsively, slipping her tongue into the other girl's mouth. There was a metallic taste of blood from El's nose and mouth, the fight having caused some damage. Max could feel the beat of the heart of the girl underneath her and it was jackrabbiting like her own.

Eleven's mouth started moving against Max's and that made Max sigh in relief, despite herself. Max's scrapes and bruises were long forgotten as she and Eleven kissed, the blood, that was in both of their mouths from the punches thrown, mixing. It was quite sloppy and Max could feel the desperation of the girl under her.

El pushed up slightly and Max's hands slipped even more causing her to fall completely on top of the girl laying on the blacktop. The girls broke apart as Eleven sucked in some air, being completely breathless after the kiss and the fall.

The moment had been broken as suddenly as it had began and Eleven's eyes widened in something Max could only classify as fear. The girl underneath her pushed Max off and stood up quickly, turning around and bolting. Max just watched as she ran out through the gap in the fence, running past Max's skateboard and across the street. She watched until Eleven disappeared behind a house.

Max sighed, the pain of her cuts starting to come back as her head spun with all that had just happened in the past, what, four minutes. She huffed as she got up, only dusting off her jeans slightly with the palms of her hands that were rubbed raw.

As Max walked over to get her skateboard she leaned her head back

and yelled.

“FUCK!” She screamed. Some giggles came from a few girls who had walked out of the school doors moments earlier.

“Wonder what’s eating her up.” One of them said jokingly, pulling her books closer to her chest as they walked to the car. Max just scowled and got on her skateboard, pushing off and holding out her arms as she glided off property and down the streets of Hawkins Indiana.

**Author's Note:**

HEY PLOT TWIST

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